

Fort Wayne Daily Sentinel.

VOL. XXII.—NO. 122.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 27, 1882.

PRICE THREE CENTS

Rare Bargains!

Owing to the backwardness of the weather and the lateness of the season, I have concluded to make a

Complete Reduction

THROUGH

All Departments

In order that I may dispose of some of my enormous stock of Spring and Summer Goods!

Below I will mention a

FEW OF MY MANY RARE BARGAINS:

22-inch Colored Rhadames, the latest shades, Reduced from \$2.00 to \$1.50 per yd.

22-inch Colored Gros Grain Silk, Excellent Bargains, Reduced from \$1.25 to \$1.00 per yd.

22-inch extra heavy Gros Grain Silk, Best bargain in the city, for \$1.30 a yd.

The handsomest line of Colored Suras Ever brought to Fort Wayne.

A large line of Black Rhadames, Reduced prices, ranging from \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.50 to \$1.75

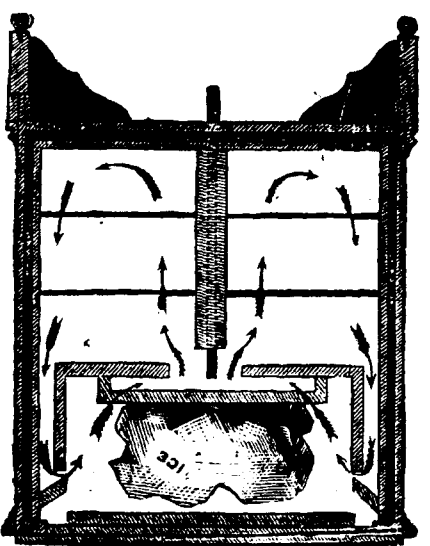
THE ABOVE ARE ONLY A FEW OF MY SPECIAL BARGAINS. CALL AND CONVINCE YOURSELF.

LOUIS WOLF,

KEYSTONE BLOCK,

24 CALHOUN STREET, FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Polar Refrigerator



Superior to all others. The Double Air Circulation Of this Refrigerator makes it the Coldest, The Most Dry, The Most Economical of Ice, The Best Preserver of Food, Ever offered to the public. Parties wanting a refrigerator should see the Polar before they purchase.

PRICE VERY LOW.

In addition to the above we offer at very low prices

The Astral Range

which still remains unequalled and the ladies' favorite.

THE GOLDEN STAR VAPOR STOVE

The Safest and Best in Use.

THE RAPID ICE CREAM FREEZER,

The most rapid and popular freezer in the market. Give us a call and convince yourself, at the

MANHATTAN CHEAP STOVE STORE

H. J. ASH,

9 East Columbia St.

DR. T. J. DILLS,

Gives special attention to diseases of the

EYE AND EAR.

Office No. 21 West Berry street, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

DRINKERS

Soda Water!

Should always bear in mind that

LOESCH, (the Druggist)

COR. BARR AND WAYNE STS.

Uses no ethereal extracts in flavoring his Soda Syrup, but

USES NOTHING BUT THE

PUREST FRUIT JUICES

that can be procured. He always keeps on draft the following special drinks:

Mead,

Chocolate,

Birch Beer,

Ginger Ale

Etc., Etc.

Mineral Waters!

Of the most popular kinds constantly on draught.

Give him a trial and you will drink no others.

GOOD SAMARITAN DRUG STORE.

COR. BARR & WAYNE STS.

May 2-1m

FRESH

Imported and Key West

Cigars at

L. HEILBRONER & CO'S.

League Ball Score received every evening

AT

L. Heilbronner & Co.'s,

10 W. Berry Street.

CORK MOUTH PIECE

AND

SELF LIGHTING CIGARETTES

AT

L. Heilbronner & Co.

A DASTARDLY DEED.

A Party of Missouri Farmers Fired on by Ambushed Assassins.

Two of the Number Instantly Killed and Two Others Mortally Wounded.

A Tree Falls on a Passing Wagon and Crushes Two Persons.

Brutal Case of Child Murder—An Entire Business Block Burned.

ROADSIDE ASSASSINATION.

A Party of Missourians Fired On—Two Brothers Instantly Killed.

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] ST. LOUIS, May 27.—Dispatches from Lebanon, Mo., detail a bloody tragedy which occurred near Bennett's mill, fourteen miles to the southwest. Bad feeling has existed for the past few weeks between George and William Matthews and some of their neighbors. Yesterday a disturbance occurred between George Matthews and James Ford, the Matthews boys being intoxicated. The boys then started homeward in company with Marion Wilson and Homer Sharpe. They had gone a considerable distance when they were fired into by some parties in ambush. Both of the Matthews boys were instantly killed and Wilson and Sharpe both wounded, the former seriously. The Matthews boys were aged thirty and eighteen. The wounded boys are still younger.

Horrible Case of Child Murder.

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] NEW ORLEANS, May 27.—Information is received of a brutal murder in Livingston Parish, Louisiana. The twelve-year old son of James Griffin, a negro, ate a piece of meat while his father was at church. The father returned and missed the meat. The boy confessed and the father tied him to a horizontal pole and beat him horribly with a heavy stick until the boy fell insensible to the ground. The father then procured a gun, placed the muzzle to the boy's head and blew his brains out. To conceal the crime he carried the body to a swamp, sharpened four sticks, drove them through the body and staked it on the bottom, to prevent it from floating. The boy's mother was compelled to witness the whole affair. The boy's absence caused inquiry, and Griffin said he had run away. Suspicion caused the arrest of the mother, who confessed, and guided citizens to where her son had been staked down.

Two Persons Killed by a Falling Tree.

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] ST. LOUIS, May 27.—A terrible accident is reported as occurring six miles from Laganage, Mo. As a wagon was returning from Quincy with Eli Gharkey, his wife and a young man named Hansford Allison, they encountered a severe storm of wind and hail. A large tree on the roadside suddenly fell upon the wagon, crushing it, and instantly killing Allison and Mrs. Gharkey. Mrs. Gharkey leaves four little children. The parties were farmers in this section. Gharkey's father was killed by the falling of a tree a few years ago.

Bank Statement.

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] NEW YORK, May 27.—Loans, increase, \$1,320,000; specie, decrease, \$3,707,700; legal tenders, increase, \$1,575,500; deposits, decrease, \$754,400; circulation, decrease, \$152,500; reserve, decrease, 1,498,500. The banks now hold \$4,208,625 in excess of legal requirements.

Receiving the Boys.

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] NEW YORK, May 27.—The president has taken rooms at the Fifth avenue hotel, where he will receive visitors this afternoon. A large number of politicians and others called at the hotel this morning to see him.

Vanderbilt's Will to be Contested.

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] NEW YORK, May 27.—Rumor says the will of the late Cornelius J. Vanderbilt, Jr., will be contested, by his

son, Mrs. Francis Berger. Whether or not the report is true could not be ascertained. John E. Lord, who is counsel for Mrs. Berger, said that the matter had not yet been decided upon and that he was not at liberty to say what possible action might be taken. He said, "wait and see if the case is brought before the surrogate."

Forest Fires in Michigan.

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] CHICAGO, May 27.—A Michigan special says that heavy forest fires are raging between Greenbush and Black river to Alcona and unless rain comes speedily there will be great damage done to the pineries.

A Business Block Burned

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] CHICAGO, May 27.—A Portland, Oregon, dispatch says that a fire here last evening destroyed all buildings in one block. Loss aggregates \$75,000. Insured, \$40,000.

Lynchers Arrested.

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] CHICAGO, May 27.—A Kansas City special says that Gus Miller and Matthew B. Jones have been arrested on the charge of inciting the mob of 1,000, which on April 3, hung Levi Harrington, a colored man. Sufficient evidence has been obtained to convict Miller and Jones.

Fined For Manslaughter.

WORCESTER, MASS., May 27.—In the supreme court Jesse J. Coburn was fined \$2,500 for manslaughter and accidental death of Chappella and two children, by the lake disaster of the Fourth of July, 1879. Coburn owned the boat which was overloaded, and tipped over at the wharf.

INDIANA EPISCOPALIANS.

The Plan to Divide the State Into Two Dioceses—Strong Probability that Rector Webb will be Elevated to a Bishopric.

Mention has been made in THE SENTINEL of the plan to divide the state into two dioceses, north and south. A few years ago this plan was agitated. At that time, the church owned much real estate in Indianapolis and Chicago which was sold to create a sinking fund and large subscriptions were obtained for the same purpose. Unfortunately the gentleman to whom most of the real estate had been sold failed in business and the property again reverted to the church with the additional burden of all the accumulated taxes. This caused the abandonment of the scheme. Since this financial disaster, Rev. J. J. Faude, dean of the Northern Convocation and rector of the St. Thomas church, Plymouth, has been visiting the thirty-one counties that will comprise the diocese and the various churches. He writes to Rev. Mr. Webb, of this city, they have received the matter with much enthusiasm.

It is contemplated to locate the See of the new diocese at Fort Wayne with Trinity church of this city as the Cathedral. A fund of \$30,000 is likely to be secured for the endowment of the Episcopate of the new diocese of Fort Wayne. The convention of the church for this state will be held Wednesday, June 7th, one week from next Wednesday, and this matter will no doubt be presented to that body and urged with energy. A writer in the Madison Star says that he doubts that the present condition of the church in the state is such as to encourage and justify the division. The dividing line would likely throw Indianapolis into the southern diocese but even then it is a matter of doubt that the churches in the southern portion of the state could support a separate Episcopate, they being much more feeble than those in the northern part. It is however a plain fact to us that if two dioceses can be maintained in a proper manner it would be a great advantage to the church in the state, would open better facilities for Episcopal diocese and work in the two sections, and the church would then grow and strengthen more rapidly.

The subject of an assistant to Bishop Talbot will also be presented to the state convention. Trinity church, this city, is entitled to four lay delegates to this convention. The name of Rev. Mr. Webb, of this city, continues to be much discussed as the bishop of Northern Indiana, if the change is made.

P. J. Fallon will arrive in the city to night, having completed his labors at Antioch.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

A Utah Farmer Kills His Wife and Then Sends Himself up.

Conly and Reitzell, of the Kellogg Concert Company, Drowned.

Accidental Drowning of Two Terre Haute Lads—Call for Bonds.

Indians Being Naturalized—Evicted Irish Families Arriving at Canada.

Naturalized Indians.

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] ST. LOUIS, May 27.—Ten Kickapoo Indians, living on a reservation in Atchison, Kas., were naturalized by the United States court at Topeka yesterday, and are now full American citizens under the act recently passed by congress.

Conly and Rietzell of the Kellogg Company Drowned.

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] BRATTLEBORO, Vt., May 27.—G. A. Conly, the well known basso, and Herman Rietzell, the pianist, of the Clara Louise Kellogg Concert company, were drowned in Lake Spafford, Chesterfield, N. H., yesterday while fishing.

Call for Bonds.

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] WASHINGTON, May 27.—The secretary of the treasury this afternoon issued a call for \$15,000,000 of continued 6's of the series of March 31, 1883, which mature August 1st. There are about \$40,000,000 in bonds of this issue outstanding, and after this call will be issued for continued 6's.

The Star Route Trials.

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] WASHINGTON, May 27.—The Star route trials began this morning. Before entering pleas the defendant's counsel, proceeded to offer a number of motions; most of them were to quash, based on alleged errors in the indictment apparent on its face. Ingerson took up the motions in succession, making a long and exhaustive argument on each of them.

The Man Who Killed Cavendish.

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 27.—Patrick Fay, of Sligo county, Ireland, a steamer passenger on the steamer British King, which arrived Monday, visited the British consul's office this afternoon, and stated that a passenger who jumped overboard on the passage, remarked a few moments before he went over the rail: "I am the man who killed Lord Cavendish." Fay says he is positive as to the suicide's words, as he was standing close to him when he uttered them. The consul, however, is inclined to the opinion that Fay is merely seeking notoriety.

Murder and Suicide—A Terrible Tragedy.

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] CHICAGO, May 27.—A Salt Lake, Utah, special says that news has been received of a terrible tragedy near Milford, two hundred miles south-west of here. John A. Smith, an old ranchman, from Colorado, quarrelled with his wife and seizing a double-barrelled shot gun fired at her twice, both charges taking effect. He then coolly reloaded the weapon, went out doors, fastened a string to the trigger, placed the muzzle against his breast and fired six navy bullets into his liver. He died in two hours afterwards. A married daughter witnessed the tragedy. The old man was subject to fits of lunacy.

Evicted Irish Families.

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] TORONTO, May 27.—On yesterday there arrived in this city a party of emigrant families, each family averaged eight in number. They came from the wilds of Connemara, and were recently holders of small farms in that district from which they had been evicted. They were objects of curiosity and, as might be expected, were bitter in their denunciations of the English government, and spoke feelingly of the moment when they were turned out of their homes by the soldiers and police. The whole party with the exception of one family was sent to different points at which work

had been promised. The family remaining behind are in a destitute condition, and are being looked after by the Irish societies.

Accidentally Drowned.

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] TERRE HAUTE, Ind., May 27.—Mat Link, aged eleven, and Harry Link, aged nine, sons of Harvey Link, a carpenter in the employ of T. B. Snapp, were drowned yesterday. The accident happened about six o'clock at the gravel pit, just east of the city limits. The younger boy went in bathing, was seized with cramps and sank. His brother jumped in to save him, and being unable to swim both were drowned. The bodies were recovered a short time afterwards by a colored man. The boys' father was working within a hundred yards of the place where the accident occurred, but knew nothing of it until told by a boy who saw the brothers sink.

LOCAL LINES.

Justice Schwartz, of New Haven, is in the city.

Trustee Sack, of Marion township, is in the city to-day.

Dr. H. V. Sweringen was called to Antioch last Thursday on professional business.

There will be a mass meeting of democrats at the circuit court room, Friday evening, June 2.

The game of ball between the Pittsburgh boys and Concordia nine has been postponed, on account of the rain.

Hon. W. G. Colerick writes that he will not return to the city at present on account of the congressional deadlock.

On account of first communion services, high mass begins at the Cathedral to-morrow at 10 o'clock, instead of 10:30 as usual.

The Arion excursion will leave the south depot promptly at 11 o'clock this evening. They will be accompanied by a band of music.

Indications for lower lake regions, are: Rainy weather, easterly winds, becoming variable, strong or higher temperature, lower pressure.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Horn arrived in this city yesterday from Pennsylvania. Mr. Horn accepted a position as book keeper for Robert Ogden.

Amos Lawrence has sued Wm. Lohman in the superior court for trespass demanding \$200 damages. The parties live in Lafayette township.

Captain G. Conkling Richard goes to Cincinnati this evening. Returning he will visit his children at school in Richmond. Mrs. Richard went to Decatur.

Will Howey returned from Warsaw yesterday, but singular to relate, Will desires to return again. He thinks seriously of going into the millinery business.

The drowning of the basso, George A. Conly, reported in our telegraph columns, recalls the fact that he has appeared here several times in concerts and operas.

Rink Mergel Billy Kimmel, and Emil Krusch go to Cincinnati, to-night. These young gentlemen will cut loose from home associations, and seek their fortunes elsewhere.

This morning Mr. Waltermuth, the grocer, nearly had a runaway. The harness on the animal became disarranged, but the horse was checked opposite Foote's cigar store before he ran away.

The buggy sale at Sheldon yesterday, was postponed on account of the absence of purchasers. The Messrs. Taylor, in glancing over the crowd, discovered that there were more candidates than purchasers present.

Deputy Sheriff Sam Miller says that since we published that he had a show to get \$133,000 out of the Springer estate, he has been annoyed by impecunious people who all want to borrow a dollar on the strength of Sam's fortune.

Eliza Young, who once enjoyed the infamy of being "seeled" to Brigham Young as one of his numerous harem, was at the Robinson house last night. Eliza is working the lecture racket with more or less success, and is at Bluffton to-night.

S. S. Ludlum was to-day allowed \$40 by the judge of the criminal court for defending Daniel Dugman, convicted of incest. J. Q. Stratton & Bro., were allowed \$177 for defending the negro Maybury, acquitted of the murder of O'Connell, the tramp

A very queer concert is given every Tuesday evening at Pleasant Grove school house, Jackson township, the charming and majestic music is by Professor Krusen and the members of his choir. The residents in that vicinity are loud in their praises of the concert and the professor.

The service of song at the First Baptist Sabbath school, to-morrow afternoon, will be by Prof. Heath, assisted by a full orchestra. You cannot spend an hour more agreeably than to pay a visit to this school. Services promptly at 2 o'clock, in the main audience room of the church.

The Arion society met last night and perfected arrangements for the Cincinnati excursion. The association has engaged St. Paul's band to play in the court house yard this evening. The band will also head the procession to the depot. The Arions never do things by halves, consequently they will have a large crowd.

If you have a cold or cough, buy a bottle of Hill's Peerless Cough Syrup; use it all; if not satisfied, return the empty bottle and we will refund the money. We sell Peerless Worm Specific on the same terms. Cobb's Little Podophyllin Pills will cure headache or no pay. DREIER & BRO. Feb. 13-d&wly.

Attention, Commercial Travelers of Fort Wayne!

There will be a meeting of commercial travelers held at the parlors of the Avenue house, on Saturday evening, May 27, at 7:30 o'clock. The president, secretary and treasurer of the Indiana State Commercial Travelers' association will be present. A cordial invitation is extended to the traveling men of Fort Wayne to attend. The object of the meeting will be to increase the membership in the city. COMMITTEE.

The Arion society, twenty-four members, will leave Cincinnati on Monday morning for Richmond, to be present at the picnic of the Brethoven society. 25 St

Just received, a new supply of Harrison's Young Ladies Journal for June, five supplements, 30c. Ledger, Fireside, Family Story, Papers and New York Weekly, will arrive here after on Tuesday afternoon. Barriers Burned Away, E. P. R.'s famous story 20c, at A. C. KATT & Co., 12 West Berry street.

New Millinery, 75 Calhoun Street. Miss Davenport will inform the ladies that she is receiving a splendid assortment of summer millinery all of the latest styles and reasonable prices.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

BEE HIVE Dry Goods House

We are Offering

GREAT BARGAINS

In White and Turkey Red

Table Linens,

Towels,

Napkins,

Bad Quilts,

Sheetings.

Special bargain in Prints

Good Standard Print for 5c.

a yard.

All Our

GINGHAMS, 12 1-2c a yd.

Such as we so at 15c.

We are now opening a full

line of

LAWNS,

The Latest Shades and latest

Styles.

M. FRANK & CO.,

Cor. Calhoun and Berry Sts.

THE DAILY SENTINEL is three cents a copy, ten cents a week, forty cents a month, \$1.50 a year—either by carrier or mail.

THE WEEKLY SENTINEL is 5 cents a copy, fifty cents per six months, \$1.00 a year; in clubs of ten or more, ninety cents a copy one year, and a free copy to the editor up of the club—each in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS: In the daily or weekly six cents a line (seven words) each insertion in local column. No charge less than twenty-five cents. Amusements, "meetings," "lectures" and special notices on the first page in large type, ten cents a line. Nothing less than fifty cents. Announcements of "wanted," "lost," "found," marriages and deaths, twenty-five cents.

Checks and money orders to be made payable to E. A. K. HACKETT.

THE AVERAGE: Extending from the state, outside of Indianapolis, shows how completely it maintains its superiority as the most effective and economical advertising medium in the west. Not only in the number of papers sold, but in the character of its audience, it stands higher than any other journal in the state, published outside of Indianapolis. THE SENTINEL is read by the most intelligent and prosperous class of people in Northern Indiana.

General Newspaper Advertising Agents.

New Haven, Conn.: H. P. Hubbard.
New York: Geo. F. Howell & Co.—Danbury & Co.
New York: S. M. Pettengill & Co.—J. H. Bates.
Philadelphia: N. W. Ayer & Son.
Chicago: Chas. K. Miller & Co.
St. Louis, Mo.: Nelson Chesman & Co.

Our paper is on file in these Agencies. Advertisers dealing with them secure the favorable terms as by direct application to us.

The Daily Sentinel

OFFICIAL PAPER COUNTY AND CITY.
BY E. A. K. HACKETT.
SATURDAY, MAY 27.

SOCIETY.

Dolorous Youths—A Pretty and Accomplished Young House-keeper—A Pet Alligator—Whist Party—Secret Engagement—Personals—Every Day Cos-sip, Etc., Etc.

There has been much discussion of late, both socially and journalistically, of the woes of young gentlemen who "would a wooing go," but cannot afford matrimony on a moderate income, say \$12,000 to \$15,000 a year. The forlorn youths gaze upon the handsome toilets of their lady friends in secret dismay, and austere conclude they can neither afford to keep up or regulate such magnificence. This is hard on the girls, who, according to the beautiful and classic refrain of an old love song, are ready and willing to love and serve.

"Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

Not only that, but the dear creatures often suffer an injustice by this masculine criticism and survey, for oftentimes what to their uninitiated eyes appears so gorgeous, is a small matter in dollars and cents. Be it known a woman of refinement and tact, perhaps a larger element of the latter can, with a comparatively small income, produce an effect that will equal, if not surpass, her more extravagant friend. Of course, it is to be acknowledged such feminine diplomacy does not constitute the majority in social circles, and is generally found where the heads of families have united the constant association and requirements of good society with a meagre income as is, perhaps, more often the case than is surmised. These self-same youths, who "build their goodness up so high it topples down to the other side and makes a sort of badness," perhaps do not as often as they might consult their own itemized account, which we will show them might become under clever feminine management a monument to the possibilities of a restricted income. One of our young ladies who, lest she undergo a regular siege of matrimonial overtures, forbids us to name her, and who is positively not in the market, has kindly given us the experience of a year in which, in a family of three, including herself, she proves that they lived quite comfortably, if not to say luxuriously, upon only a thousand per annum. Owning a house, they paid no rent, neither hired servants, but liquidated bills for fuel, lights, produce, milk, newspapers, laundrying, &c., discharged necessary accounts with physician, dentist and druggist, dressed extravagantly as people said—mistake on their part—except she would have pretty boots, gloves, neck garniture and now and then an expensive hat; some of the time was paying for lessons in music and painting; only attended theatres when good talent came to town; was rather prodigal in books, dainty stationary and artists' materials, occasionally indulging in carriage hire; always made two or three holiday gifts; traveling expenses modest, only coming in once or twice a year; bought less and carriages when she had an especial hankering for same; gave something to charity in her own

hundred and came out at the end of the year with something less than a hundred dollars. We submit this to our young society gentlemen who mope in bachelor chambers and are not brave enough or astute enough to seek out this remarkable young lady and conquer difficulties. Suffice it to say, she is in their midst and acknowledges the vast difference between the indispensable for a man's and woman's comfort, but guarantees that he shall share equally and alike under the clever management she prescribes.

The entertainment to be given for the Home of the Friendless was postponed until next week, Friday and Saturday, owing to some difficulty in securing the Academy of music. The programme is still somewhat vague, but is to include solos from Misses McDonald and Withers; recitations from Misses Bittenger and Carrie Graves. Some graceful little dances from Miss Lottie Lowry and Master George Bullard and the inimitable Peaked family by the bon ton young ladies of Fort Wayne. Considerable difficulty has been experienced as in all such amateur efforts, but it will be presumably a grand success financially and a pleasant event socially.

Superintendent George Stephens and wife, Miss Emma Hoagland and Miss Esther McKinnie, and Messrs. Will Chapman and Shaw Stevens, attended the Cincinnati musical festival last week. Misses Hoagland and McKinnie were last Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank McKinnie, of Columbus, Ohio, Miss Hoagland returning Monday evening.

Miss Hoffman and sister, Virginia, from West Virginia, are spending a few weeks with their uncle, Henry Hoffman, on West Berry. The young ladies bring with them as a souvenir, a young alligator, which squirms and wriggles in the most fascinating manner, to the delight of their many friends.

Calvin Anderson, a young society gentleman of Grand Rapids, is the guest of his cousin, Ed Evans, and is here to attend the two-two club, that met at the residence of his uncle last evening. Mr. Anderson is a grandson and namesake of our venerable townsman Mr. Calvin Anderson. The young gentleman is spoken of as very promising and enterprising, and is now in the employ of a former resident of Fort Wayne, Mr. Fred Gorham.

Miss Nellie Brenton entertained a number of friends last Thursday evening in honor of Miss Comstock, of Clinton, Ohio, and Miss Nellie Pettit, of Wabash. Miss Brenton entertained her friends pleasantly and with music, whist and social converse. Miss Pettit is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Charles Brenton, of West Wayne street.

It is rumored we are soon to have a roller skating rink for a season of six weeks or more, to be located on the vacant lot, west of Judge Withers' residence on West Wayne street. Gos-sip further informs us that the Lukens Brothers band will furnish charming music for which they are becoming famous. This is looked upon by the young people, as a delightful break into the monotony of the summer months.

Mrs. M. L. McClelland and daughter, of Valparaiso, are visiting the family of Judge Lowry. Miss McClelland will be remembered as the estimable young lady who was to have been married to the judges only son Robert, who was cut off in all his manliness and strength a year ago last September, by that grim reaper death, leaving a void in hearts and homes that must always be desolate.

At a recent small and select gathering in the east part of the city, the gas was accidentally (?) turned out, when two or three wicked young men kissed the backs of their hands, violently causing many feminine ohs and ahs, and it was worth remembering the way the girls looked at each other when the gas was turned on. There was envy on every face.

The knowing ones shake their heads wisely over an engagement said to exist secretly between a very pretty young lady and a brilliant and successful journalist. The marriage is not set, but the nuptials will be celebrated no doubt within the next six or seven months.

Dr. Morris returned Thursday from New York City, where he has been for several months. He brought with him a large and handsome microscope, which represents the neat little sum of \$100.

Mrs. H. N. Goodwin and sister, Miss Clara, left last Monday to spend several weeks in Chicago. Miss Goodwin will resume her lessons in painting and crayons, making a specialty of the latter. She has already four orders for life size heads here, one being that of the lovely little daughter of Mr. W. H. Hoffman.

Prof. Dryer, of the High school, went to Chicago last Tuesday afternoon with a large and charming class of young ladies, who are now pre-

paring with the most intensified and charming significance.

Hon. Jesse L. Williams will spend part of the summer on his son's large wheat farm in Dakota.

Miss Amelia Off has returned from a nine weeks' visit in Napoleon, O. Mrs. Joe Jenkinson and children, with her aunt, Mrs. Merriott, left last Wednesday for a visit to her parents in Goshen, Ind.

Miss Lizzie Hoagland went to Chicago Wednesday to attend the musical festival, and returned home Friday.

Mrs. Robert Stratton has been doing some exquisite painting on satin which ranks her among our most talented artists.

Miss Ellen Spencer and Miss Emma Jenkinson, two prominent and well known young ladies of this city, are looking for a location to establish an Art exchange and fancy bazaar, an effort that will, no doubt, meet with a hearty response and patronage from their many friends and acquaintances.

A prominent and wealthy lady of this city entertained a small party of friends to tea not long since, when the table was adorned with handsome buds and roses in great profusion, while the lights were subdued with colored shades, producing a very unique and charming effect.

Bert Atwood, the traveling agent for Rogers, Duck & Lewis, spent Sunday with his parents, on West Jefferson street. The young gentleman is cordially welcomed by his young friends in the city.

A certain handsome Cleveland doctor spent last Sunday in Fort Wayne making arrangements for the wedding Belle, which are sure to ring in the balm month of June.

Frank Fee and D. G. Hackett have returned from their trip to Cincinnati to attend the musical feast there. Mr. Fee, however, expresses himself much disappointed in the new star, Materoa.

Mrs. Clark Fairbanks is in Indianapolis the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Godown.

Mrs. Judge Lowry has been quite ill the past week but is now convalescent.

Mrs. Merriott, from Goshen, was the guest of Mrs. Joe Jenkinson the past week.

Mrs. Sturgis and daughter, Louise, are soon expected at the Hamilton house.

The many friends of Miss Minnie Weimer will be pleased to learn that she will soon return to this city after an extended sojourn in Milwaukee.

Miss Alice Staughn has gone to East Liverpool to study modeling and decorating in pottery, etc. She will probably remain a year.

Prof. A. Joost has again opened his music school on West Wayne street, and is deservedly popular among his friends and patrons.

The Two Too club met at the residence of Ed. Evans, on West Wayne street, last evening. Quite a number of guests from abroad were present. Reineke's band furnished the music, and the refreshments could not be surpassed. Many a pretty belle was heard to exclaim as the guests were departing, "Such a delightful evening," and "just too tired for anything."

Mr. Howard McCullough, a young gentleman well known here, has finished his studies and will soon return here from Philadelphia.

Col. and Mrs. Robertson go to Detroit the 17th of June, to attend the Army of the Potomac reunion in that city. They will later attend the session of the association for the advancement of science at Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Jones have been stopping at the Fleming house for the past week, but will be "at home" at their rooms, on the corner of Berry and Barr streets, next week.

Mrs. D. N. Foster is quite ill.

Mrs. Joel P. Forbes, of Providence, R. I., formerly well known in this city, will soon join her husband here, who has already arrived and taken a position in Hon. Robert Stratton's office.

The Jewish feast of Pentecost was celebrated on Wednesday last with great pomp and ceremony at the Wayne street temple. The choir gave many beautiful selections. The artistic manner in which the Misses Emma Falk and Carrie Fisher rendered that beautiful duet, "Protect us, Father Almighty," deserves special mention.

Mrs. Simon Freiberger entertained a number of her friends at a *cote* on Thursday afternoon in compliment to Miss Epstein, of Champaign, Ill.

At the Catholic fair, which is to open June 10th, a prominent lady has donated two handsome prizes to be given to the gentleman that weighs most and least. The scales are to be in charge of one of our Fort Wayne belles.

Mrs. Max Nirdlinger is painting a baby carriage robe of blue surah satin. The design chosen is a large bunch of poppies, which signifies "baby" and "love."

blematic of "awakening," a lovely idea beautifully executed.

Among the latest bits of gossip in societies parlors are: That a prominent gentleman proposes the erection of a palatial residence that will surpass in cost and magnificence anything in the city.

That a charming young lady of the west end is secretly engaged to a gentleman abroad.

That ladies and gentlemen of refinement dance with a gentle, swaying motion positively ignoring the "bounce" so much indulged in of late.

That two society young gentlemen returned from Cincinnati reveling in the memories of many conquests.

That the expression "too utterly utter" has disappeared from polite society.

That the prevailing fashion is to supply rooms with furniture of different shapes and make.

That sixteenth century dresses are worn this season with picturesque effect, and are "deliciously quaint."

That a good company should play that pretty little opera "Olivette" here with its infectious and charming little dance, the Farandole.

That a young attorney of this city secretly affects the airs and graces of Oscar Wilde, and is already permitting his flaxen locks to elongate in consequence.

DAWSON'S DEMOCRACY.

He Refutes the False Statements of Mr. O'Rourke's Paper as to His Politics.

In the *Herald* of this week, some one writing over the name, "A Democrat," makes the assertion that during my employment in the Merchants National Bank, that I was a republican, and says that I recently turned over to be a democrat. I had heard that this charge was being industriously circulated before it appeared in print, but disliking a public quarrel, had not noticed it, knowing that there were too many democrats that knew better. I will now answer the charge, and I now publicly challenge "A Democrat," the *Herald*, or any one else, to produce the proof that I ever in my life voted a republican ticket. I emphatically say that the charge made by the *Herald* is absolutely false. My first presidential vote was not cast for Horace Greeley. I could not vote for him, a life-long republican. I voted for Charles O'Connor, of New York, the regular straight out old democratic nominee. John I. Irwin, now superintendent of schools, of this city, was the cashier of the bank at the time, I was his assistant. Afterward, Col. R. S. Robertson was vice president of the bank and I was its cashier. I have requested them to state what they know of my democracy during my banking days. Their answers will be found below.

FORT WAYNE, May 25, 1882.
C. M. Dawson, Esq.

In reply to your inquiry how long I have known you as a democrat, I think I can say I have known you ever since you were a voter. I believe your first presidential vote was cast in 1872. You were then cashier and I was vice president of the Merchants National bank and I well remember my arguments to you to induce you to vote the republican ticket, by reason of your party having nominated that good republican, Horace Greeley. My recollection is that you adhered to the straight out Bourbon ticket, which had Charles O'Connor at its head. Since I knew you, I have always known you as a democrat and gave up trying to convince you of the error of your ways long since.

Yours truly,
R. S. ROBERTSON.

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC SCHOOLS, FORT WAYNE, IND.
May 25, 1882.
C. M. Dawson, Esq.

DEAR SIR: In reply to your inquiry I will state that I have known you for some twelve or fourteen years, some four of which we spent together in the Merchants National bank of which you were assistant cashier. In all that time I have never known you to be anything but a democrat, in fact so severe a one that you voted for O'Connor against Horace Greeley. I can hardly conceive of anything in your history that would lead to an idea to the contrary.

Very truly yours,
JOHN S. IRWIN, Supt.

I trust "Democracy" question is fully answered. If not, let any one seeking truth call upon any of our public officers and inquire, especially upon our clerk or recorder. My brother is a republican. I can't help that. Perhaps several democrats can be found who have brothers that are republicans. So far as the above charge is concerned, it is untrue in all particulars. In 1876 I came 700 miles, both in October and November to vote the state and national democratic ticket. Inquire of Joseph J. Jenkinson for the truth of this. In 1878 and 1880 I canvassed this county, making speeches for the democratic ticket. Having received a

nomination and election at the hands of the democracy, it is a little strange that my democracy should be questioned just now. My father was a democrat. He was not the editor or proprietor of Dawson's Times. That man was John Dawson. As for his actions during the "know nothing" days, I have no knowledge. I was then about six years old, living in DeKalb county. How hard up must be the man who rings the charges upon a political opponent of matters that occurred nearly thirty years ago. My father, Reuben J. Dawson, was born in Indiana, in 1811; was, in 1838, democratic surveyor of Allen county, the first surveyor; in 1840 was democratic county judge; in 1849 was elected by the democrats representative from DeKalb and Steuben counties; in 1850 was democratic senator from DeKalb, Noble and Steuben counties; in 1852 was democratic elector from this district and voted for Franklin Pierce; in 1858 was democratic circuit judge in this circuit, and was then nominated for congress by the democrats at the time Col. Charles Case was elected. He died in 1859. So I think that my democracy is as good as any man's in the county. This is my first letter to the public. What has appeared in the papers heretofore I am not directly or indirectly responsible for. I am candidate for renomination for circuit prosecutor. If I can get enough votes to be nominated and elected to that office by fair means I want it. Yours truly,

CHARLES M. DAWSON.

Special Session of the Council.

The common council met in special session last night, his honor Mayor Zollinger in the chair, and City Clerk Rockhill at the desk.

There were present, councilmen Alter, Boltz, Chittenden, Doehman, Hamilton, Michael, Muhler, Pape, Reese, Vordermark, Wise, Wolf, Yergens, and absent, councilmen Brames, Hettler Smith, Welch and Weasel.

The following resolution was offered by J. Sion Smith:

Resolved, That the report of the City Civil Engineer and the Special Committee on cost and assessment of benefits for the construction of a 24-inch clay pipe sewer on Williams street from the west line of lot 16, Williams' addition, to the center of Webster street; also a 15-inch clay pipe sewer on Williams street from the center of Webster street to the first north and south alley west of Calhoun street; also an 18-inch clay pipe sewer on Webster street from the center of Williams street to the center of Butler street, and a 15-inch clay pipe sewer on Butler street from Hoagland avenue to Harrison street, be and the same is hereby accepted, and the assessment, as shown in said report, be declared a lien on the property therein described. Adopted.

The special committee and City Civil Engineer submitted a report on cost and assessment for the construction of sewers on Williams, Webster and Butler streets, and submitted estimates, which were allowed and Councilman Vordermark's amendment accepted to reserve twenty per cent. of the amount to be paid by the city.

ELECTION OF CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATES.

The democrats of Allen county are requested to meet on Tuesday, 30th day of May, 1882, at the following places in their respective wards, townships and precincts for the purpose of electing by ballot thirty-nine delegates, who will be authorized to cast thirty seven votes in the congressional convention to be held at Kendallville on the 1st day of June, 1882: First ward, Hartman's grocery; second ward, Daniel Ryan's office; third ward, Custer house; fourth ward, Yergens' paint shop; fifth ward, Broadway livery stable; sixth ward, corner Hoagland and Base streets; seventh ward, engine house; eighth ward, Hitzeman's grocery; ninth ward, Stodel's boarding house; Wayne township, Reed's livery stable on Wayne street, city of Fort Wayne; Washington township, Jane Poirson; residence on the Lima road; New Haven precinct, town hall in New Haven. In each of the other townships of the county the voting will be held at the usual places of holding elections. The townships, precincts and wards will be entitled to the following number of delegates: Aboite, 1; Adams, 1; Cedar Creek, 1; Ellettsville, 1; Jackson, 1; Jefferson, 1; Lafayette, 1; Lake, 1; Madison, 1; Marion, 1; Maumee, 1; Milan, 1; Monroe, 1; New Haven precinct, 1; Perry, 1; Pleasant, 1; Scipio, 1; St. Joseph, 1; Springfield, 1; Wayne, 1; Washington, 1.

City of Fort Wayne—First ward, 2; second ward, 2; third ward, 2; fourth ward, 2; fifth ward, 2; sixth ward, 2; seventh ward, 2; eighth, 2; ninth ward, 2.

The members of the county central committee of the several townships, wards and voting precincts will cause the polls to be opened in the several townships and New Haven precinct at one o'clock, and kept open until four o'clock, and in the several wards of the city of Fort Wayne, will cause the polls to be opened at four o'clock and kept open until seven o'clock.

By order of the Allen county democratic central committee.

MARTIN V. B. SPENCKE, Chairman.

C. A. LUTTER, Secretary.

No woman really practices economy unless she uses the Diamond Dye. Many dollars can be saved every year. Ask the druggist.

GOLDEN & MONAHAN,

HATS AND CAPS,
GLOVES, UMBRELLAS,
NECKTIES, SCARFS,
SHIRTS,
UNDERWEAR,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
And a Full Line of
Gents Furnishing Goods.
68 Calhoun St.

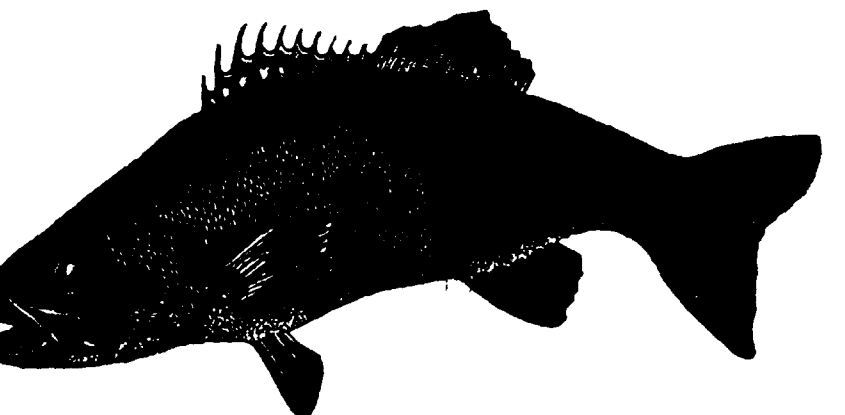
SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

GO TO PRINCE'S

— GRAND —

BOOK SALE!

Elegant Presents
are to be given
To Book Buyers
This Week.
AT
No. 6 Keystone Block,
(Biddle's Old Stand.)



The Largest, Best and Only Complete Line of
Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods!
Ever seen in Northern Indiana, at prices to suit; also,
Base Balls, Bats, Lawn Tennis, Croquets, Mexican and Cotton Hammocks, at
the very lowest prices.

MAX G. LADE'S

Sportsman's Emporium, [may 19 6w] 58 East Main street.

Boots and Shoes!

NEW SPRING GOODS.

LATEST STYLES!

Direct from the Leading Manufacturers. SLIPPERS of all kinds and sizes. A nice assortment of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Button boots.

Bargains! Bargains! For Everybody.

Prices Very Low. Call and See Us. Examine Styles and Prices.

E. VORDERMARK & SONS,

32 Calhoun Street. Sign of Big Boot.

ESTELLE;

OR, A

Narrow Escape!

[CONTINUED.]

"I think you are very nice as you are, Lizzie."

"Oh, but I'm not a lady," she replied. "I know that well. I couldn't walk and speak as you do, Miss Estelle, and I haven't your pretty airs and manners; I am sure you can see that. I want to make myself so that I could sit with other ladies in a drawing-room, and not feel ashamed."

She spoke with scarcely any Scotch accent, probably owing to her leaving Scotland when quite a child. But her ambition jarred upon me a little. I could not fancy Lizzie "sitting in a drawing room with other ladies." With her beautiful untidy hair and her simple natural grace, she was an artist's study of a woodland nymph or a Scotch lassie of the Effie Deans type, but not a drawing room belle or a beauty of the London season.

I stayed with Lizzie so long that at last I had to hurry home, fearing Mrs. Northcote might miss me; but fortunately she had not done so and was just asking for me as I walked in.

CHAPTER III.

I did not see either Mr. Northcote or Wilfred that day; they did not return until so late. Mrs. Northcote and I had a comfortable tea-dinner in her room together.

I had to carve the cold fowl for her, and to cut it into dainty morsels on her plate, and to butter a slice of toast for her, as if she had been a child; when I was not there, Mrs. Pearce attended to her in the same way.

After tea, I sang to her; and she complained of feeling tired, and went to bed very early. Although an invalid, she was able to walk short distances, and I made up my mind that I would coax her to walk a little way with me in the sunshine every day and thus probably do her general health much good, for I fancied that until I came she had been allowed to mope too much indoors.

I carried out my little plan the next day and for many days afterwards, and old Pearce looked relieved to see me with her, and did not caution me again not to keep bad company. I saw enough at all hours in the day of Wilfred's handsome laughing face; he had a hundred little devices for meeting me and a hundred pretty speeches always ready on his tongue. He was so cautious however that his uncle did not know of half the attention he was paying me; what little Mr. Northcote did observe, he evidently strongly disapproved of, and had many devices of his own for keeping Wilfred and myself apart. These Wilfred as constantly managed to evade; but he dared not openly disobey his uncle, of whom he evidently stood in considerable awe.

"This proud Hugo Northcote," I said to myself, "thinks I am not good enough to form one of the family of which he is the head. No matter! My pride is quite strong enough to prevent me from wishing to do anything of the kind."

Sometimes I wondered a little what manner of man Hugo Northcote—"the master," as Mrs. Pearce always called him—really was; the opinions of the different members of his household concerning him were so widely opposed to one another. I did not like him myself, but then I was comparatively a stranger to him; Wilfred hated and feared him, and made no secret of it; but Mrs. Northcote loved and respected Hugo far more than she did her own son Wilfred, whom she always treated with a gentle forbearing compassion, as a not over well-behaved child; and, lastly, the Pearce loved their master with a feeling almost akin to veneration.

The days passed gradually into weeks, and I was very happy in my new home. How much Wilfred had to do with this state of feeling, I did not pause to inquire. He was certainly very handsome, very good tempered, and attractive, and always in the way just when I wanted to be amused.

Long as I had lived at Hillersdon, I had never yet seen the mysterious door at the corner of the passage open, though Mrs. Pearce sometimes produced a key, and, letting herself into the room, would remain there for some little time; after which, on coming out, she always carefully closed and fastened the door behind her again. I noticed that, whenever I met her after one of these visits, she always looked as if she had been crying.

I often puzzled myself as to what strange family secret was connected with this shut-up unused apartment. That some dreadful story was linked with it I felt convinced; and once I tried with some dexterity to gratify my curiosity by leading Mrs. Northcote to talk on the subject; but she either could not, or would not, remember anything about it; but she advised me, if I wished to know anything about the house, to apply to Hugo Northcote.

"Hugo can tell you all about it, my dear," she said. "He knows every thing that has happened in the family for years past, and whatever he orders is sure to be the best in the end. We came out to this country, you know, because Hugo wished it; and I am growing better and stronger every day. Then, when Hugo thought I ought to have a companion, you sent us your photograph; and Wilfred and I did not like it; we said, 'he looks

too old,' but Hugo said, 'No, an elderly lady will just suit us,' and you see he was quite right as usual, for you are not old at all, but just what we could wish!"

So she chatted away, poor old lady; and I found myself smiling at the mistakes my photograph had caused; but never a word about the room of which the door was always locked and the blinds drawn could I elicit from Mrs. Northcote.

It was a showery day, and I could not go out, either with Mrs. Northcote or by myself; the squalls, when they came, were so violent, and the intervals between them so short. Mrs. Northcote was asleep up-stairs, and I had escaped to the kitchen. I was sitting comfortably by the stove with a long spoon in one hand, stirring a glass preserving pan full of green-gage plums, while Mrs. Pearce, at the table beneath the window, was engaged in the manufacture of a most delicious dish for dinner that night.

I had grown very fond of Mrs. Pearce, and she in her turn was fond of me; I liked to spend an hour or two with her in the kitchen whenever I could get a chance; and, above all, I liked to coax her to talk, but that was not so easy; she was on some subjects only one degree less reserved and taciturn than her fractious old husband, who, I often thought, must be exactly suited to "Master Hugo," for they both seemed as cold and as hard as stone.

"Would you like to go back to England, Mrs. Pearce?" I asked by-and-by, as she carried the dish of custard into the larder to leave it there until dinner-time.

"No," she replied, "I don't know that I should. My old man would not leave Master Hugo, not on no account, nor would I. We've lived with him a many years, and with his father before him; and I nursed Miss May when she was a baby."

I think that the last words slipped out unawares, and that she was sorry when she uttered them.

"Oh, tell me about Miss May!" I said eagerly, catching at the opportunity.

"Was she Mr. Wilfred's sister?" "Oh, no," she answered—"no, not by no means!"—and she looked quite shocked at the idea. "She was the daughter of a cousin of Master Hugo's and she was an orphan; her father and mother was both dead, and Master Hugo was left her guardian."

"Tell me some more," I asked again, when she paused. "Was she quite a child when she died?"

"No," said Mrs. Pearce; "she was a grown-up young lady, and a sweet one too. She was taller than you are, Miss Estelle, and she was just the light of the house."

"Of what did she die?" I asked next, for all the little hints she dropped about the lost Miss May, who was supposed to have resembled me, interested me so much that my curiosity led me to ask more questions than perhaps I ought to have done.

Mrs. Pearce suddenly put out both her hands, as if to warn me off forbidden ground.

"Oh, don't ask me!" she said untrustingly. "Don't tempt me to talk about her any more. I could speak of her from morning till night if I dare. Pearce says my tongue will be the ruin of us all some day!"

There was something so pathetic in her tone, and the beseeching gesture with which she begged me not to tempt her to talk so genuine and sincere, that I said not another word; but I felt in some way strangely shocked and startled.

"I think these plums are done, Mrs. Pearce," I said at last, after a few moments' silence between us, which felt awkward and oppressive.

"Yes," she answered, coming to look at them. "They'll do nicely now, miss. I'll lift off the heavy kettle and fill the jars, and I'll get you to be so good as to write the labels for them."

"Let me fill the jars, Mrs. Pearce," I said.

"No," she answered; "You might stain your pretty blue cambric gown. If you want to help me with such work as this, Miss Estelle, you must get a big holland apron that will cover all your around."

Her words put a new thought into my head. I had indeed hardly anything to wear, except the blue cambric morning-gown I had on, and the black cambric I wore in the evening; and I had been at Hillersdon nearly two months. I wondered if I might venture to ask Mr. Northcote for a little of my salary; but I was terribly afraid of him.

However I resolved to take advantage of this opportunity to consult Mrs. Pearce on the subject.

"Mr. Pearce," I said, rather hesitatingly, "you don't know how very few clothes I have. My father has been too poor for a long time past to give me any new things."

Do you think I might venture to ask Mr. Northcote for a few pounds out of my salary to buy a trifle or two in town?"

She seemed surprised that I should hesitate for a moment.

"Oh, ask him to-morrow!" she replied. "He's that good and kind, I know he'll give you what you wish for at once."

"I am afraid," I said rather faintly. "You know I have not been here a full quarter yet."

She gave me an encouraging smile. "Don't be afraid of Master Hugo," she said. "You don't know him yet. He's as good as gold. Just go to him for what you want, and you'll see."

One thing puzzled me very much—why was Mr. Hugo much wealthier than Mr. Wilfred, who was the only son of his elder brother, and yet who never seemed to have any money? I asked Mrs. Pearce to explain it to me.

"The Northcotes were always a poor family," she said, "but a grand county family too. Mr. Wilfred's father had very little money, and what he had he spent; and he did not get any more when he married Mrs. Northcote. Master Hugo's money all comes to him from his mother; and she was a Courtenay, and very rich, and all her money came to him."

"Then Mr. Hugo and Mr. Wilfred's father were only half brothers?" I said.

"Just so," returned Mrs. Pearce. "And Mr. Wilfred was left quite dependent on his uncle, and has always been so."

"Was Mrs. Northcote always as she is now?" I asked again.

"Always more or less," said Mrs. Pearce. "But she was not so bad when she was a girl; and she was a great beauty then. Mr. Wilfred's father was deep in love with her; it was quite a love-match. Her mind has grown worse of late years, since his death, poor thing!"—and she sighed.

Old Pearce showed his sour face at the kitchen door just then.

"I say, old woman, your tongue's going too fast," he said to his wife; and she broke off hurriedly and would add no more.

"It is only me she is talking to Mr. Pearce," I said. "Why shouldn't she? I have been here so long now, I am quite one of the family, like yourselves."

I tossed my head quite saucily as I spoke; for cross, as old Pearce was, I was not in awe of him in the least any longer.

He chuckled to himself over my answer for some minutes, for I was in my way a favorite of his.

"Eh, she's a ready tongue, has Miss Estelle!" I heard him mutter to himself; and then he said aloud, "Don't you never try to enter this family misel! There's only one way you could do it in as easy and that way mayn't beopen to you—though indeed I'm not saying; but what it may—seems like enough at times!"

I felt my cheeks burn, though what he meant by these strange remarks I could not imagine.

"This dreadful old man," I said to myself—"he seems determined to give me any number of mysterious warnings, and what they all mean I haven't the slightest idea; but I really think he does it for my good all the same."

Surly as he was, I could not help respecting old Pearce. He was as staunch as steel to his master's interests, and thoroughly honest; he and his wife are certainly invaluable servants.

I acted on Mr. Pearce's advice; and the next morning I determined to speak to Mr. Northcote. I knew he would most probably be in his study alone for an hour or two during the morning; and, watching my opportunity, I followed him there and knocked timidly at the door.

CHAPTER IV.

When Hugo Northcote gave the order to come in I entered with a beating heart, and feeling really very much frightened. I had never asked any one except my father or mother for money in my life, and I did not know how to begin now.

Mr. Northcote seemed somewhat surprised to see me, but at once handed me a chair, and asked me more kindly and less coldly than usual what he could do for me.

"I know," I began, "I am not here a full quarter yet; but—but—I want a little money dreadfully, you have no idea how much! Would you be very angry if I were to ask you for a five pound note?"

"Mr. Northcote could not help smiling.

"Is that your trouble?" he asked. "Pray don't look so pale about it. Certainly you shall have what you want."

I was still very nervous, and could scarcely lift my eyes from the floor to look at him.

"I thought you might be angry," I said faintly. "I would not have troubled you if I could have helped it."

"Were you so afraid," he returned, "of asking for such a trifle from me? I must have made myself very terrible to you."

Some strange and unexpected softness in the tone in which he spoke made me look up at him suddenly; but he had turned away, and was bending over the papers at his writing-table. Presently he crossed the room to my side, and put a little slip of paper into my hand. I glanced down at it and saw, to my astonishment, that it was a cheque for thirty pounds. Amazement almost took my breath away. I had never possessed such a sum in my life.

"Oh," I said softly, "can you spare me all this?"

He laughed a little; and I looked up at him hastily. He was gazing down at my face with something in his eyes which was very like admiration. I was so startled at the change in him that I lowered my eyes again.

"Spare it you?" he said. "Certainly I can; and you can have more another time. Let me know when you want it."

All my nervousness had gone now. I felt so bold that I even ventured an other request.

"Would you be angry," I said, "if I were to ask you for a week's holiday that I might go and buy myself some things in town? You have no idea how glad I should be."

He hesitated for a moment; my request, I could see, was for some reason or other distasteful to him; but he said at last, gravely and coldly, that I might go if I choose, only I must not remain away longer than a week.

"I need not tell you," he added, "that poor Mrs. Northcote is very fond of you, and will feel your absence severely."

I gladly agreed to these terms, and promised to return in less than a week if possible; and then I got up to leave. He held the door open for me; and the dreaded interview with Hugo Northcote was over, leaving me joyous and triumphant, feeling as rich as a queen.

Mrs. Pearce is right; her master is very kind beneath the surface," I said to myself as I reached my own room.

The same afternoon I went through the wood to look for Lizzie Gordon. I wanted to ask her if I could get any little thing for her in town—I felt so rich with my thirty pounds. Lizzie saw me coming, and ran to meet me, her fair cheeks flushed with pink and her golden hair gathered into a thick roll at the back of her pretty head.

"How well you look, Miss Estelle!" she said when she saw me. "Your

eyes are so bright, and you have more color than usual, and you look so happy!"

"No wonder, Lizzie," I answered. "I am going home for a few days to see my mother and buy all kinds of things. Mr. Northcote has been so kind to me!"

"Mr. Hugo?" she said doubtfully. "He is kind, but very cold."

"I think he is not really so cold as he seems," I returned, smiling, for I was disposed to think well of every one that day.

"He is not kind to Mr. Wilfred," she said softly; and then she blushed and asked me to go up to the cottage with her as usual. But I had no time that day.

"Tell me something to get for you in town, Lizzie," I said.

But she would not choose anything, and I determined to bring her something pretty which should be a surprise to her. As we sat side by side among the green leaves and the fern, Lizzie said to me suddenly—

"Miss Estelle, I want you to sing for me. Some one told me you sing beautifully. I want you to sing for me about a 'castle in the air.'"

"My singing pleases Mrs. Northcote," I answered; "that is the chief value of it. I never had any good lessons."

But she persisted in her request, and I sang—

"I could not build another; I saw that one decay. And the heart and strength and courage Died out the self-same day; and, behold, when I came to the end, Lizzie was on her knees at my feet, sobbing bitterly, with her face hidden in the folds of my dress!"

"Oh," she said, "I had a castle in the air, and it has all gone to pieces in the last few weeks!"

"Tell me about it, Lizzie," I said, stroking her hair softly.

"Oh, it is nothing—nothing!" she answered, getting up and drying her eyes. "I am ashamed of myself now. But that song brought it home to me somehow."

She would not tell me any more, and I ceased to urge her. I fancied she would let me know more another time; and I had to hurry back to the house to pack my little carpet bag, for I was to leave Hillersdon by the coach that passed the gates early the next morning.

The week I spent at home was a very happy one. Clara and I went shopping every day. I bought her a pretty new dress and gloves and ribbons to replace those she had once given me, and I got some little presents for Lizzie and the Pearce, and everything I wanted for myself; and still I was able to give my mother a little help. Never did thirty pounds go far, or give more pleasure than this money of mine.

They asked me many questions about the Northcotes, and were all pleased to hear that I was happy at Hillersdon; but I had grown almost as reserved as the Pearce. I told them very little, and I never even mentioned the room with the locked door or Mrs. Pearce's allusions to her dear Miss May. I felt that, while I was a member of Mr. Northcote's household, and especially as he was treating me with so much liberality, I must on no account gossip about the family affairs.

On the last night of my visit home, Clara stole into my room, when all the house was quiet, to exchange a few last words.

"Estelle," she whispered, as she sat at the foot of my bed, "when all is settled let me know."

"When what is settled, you foolish child?" I asked.

"About Wilfred," she said.

"Nonsense!" I answered. "Wilfred is a general admirer; and, besides, to tell the truth, I don't quite understand him."

"How silly you are, Estelle!" said Clara, with a little impatient shrug of her shoulders. "As if I did not know that the house and the family are full of mysteries, and you keep trying to pretend that you know nothing about them. Shall I tell you what I heard the other day about your Northcotes?"

"Yes," I said eagerly, and with some little curiosity.

"People say," she answered, "that one of the Mr. Northcotes is a widower, but whether it is the uncle or the nephew no one seems to know."

The thought struck me at first with amazement; but, when I came to consider, I felt it might easily be true. Possibly Hugo Northcote's grave manner might be caused by some heart trouble he had never really got over.

"Who was the lady Mr. Northcote married?" I asked. "And was he married in New Zealand?"

"Oh, no," said Clara carelessly. "Some girl or other at home; and there was something disgraceful about the marriage, and they hushed it up. Perhaps she was not of their class; at any rate, that is what people say," she added, yawning as she spoke, for she was very sleepy.

"Go to bed, Clara!" said I. "If you stay here any longer, mother will ask what we are talking about."

Kissing me, and telling me to be sure to write soon, she went away; and I lay awake, pondering this strange and unexpected piece of intelligence, of which I somewhat doubted the truth. And at last, when I fell asleep, I heard in my dreams the river stronger and more stormy than usual.

When, the next day, the coach deposited me once more at the Hillersdon gates, the first object my eyes rested upon, besides old Pearce and his light cart, was—yes, certainly it was—the tall, fine figure of Hugo Northcote.

I could not flatter myself however that he had come there with the slightest intention of meeting me; he had his gun over his shoulder and a couple of wild ducks in one hand, and he was evidently merely passing by the gate on his way home from shooting. However, having encountered me, he put his wild ducks into the cart and turned to walk up through the Hillersdon grounds by my side. He asked me with kind courtesy how I found all my friends; and presently I found myself, as we walked on together, talking to him more easily and

comfortably than I had ever done yet. We came out at last upon the lovely little plateau on the top of the cliff, looking down upon the river—the river that haunted my dreams.

"How beautiful it is!" I said, with a sigh of pleasure, looking down to where the waters below stormed along, dark and deep.

"And how dangerous!" answered Mr. Northcote quietly.

"I suppose," I said, "if any one fell over here, they would have no chance for their life?"

"Not the slightest," he answered; "the very strongest swimmer could not live ten minutes in that current. I sometimes think I ought to have a railing put along the edge of the cliff."

"No one would be likely to fall over," I said.

"One might on a dark night," he answered.

Just then a rustling among the trees behind us made us both turn round. There, standing just where I had first encountered him, was handsome, light hearted Wilfred Northcote. He was not looking his best to day however; he seemed for some reason to be rather out of temper.

"I thought you would have been here hours ago," he said to me saucily. "I have been waiting ever so long." And he laid his hand for a moment almost roughly upon my arm, as if to detain me.

Mr. Northcote quietly removed his hand, and walked on by my side. I felt my cheeks burn, for it seemed as if I had made an appointment with Wilfred to meet him there on my return, which I had certainly never dreamt of doing.

"Were you waiting for me?" I said to Wilfred, with extreme coldness. "I had no idea you would do me so much honor; and I made him a little dignified bow, and walked on again at his uncle's side."

He did not try to follow us; we left him standing saucily among the trees; and I did not see him again until dinner-time.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Pearce was rejoiced to see me again; I took out the little presents I had brought—a new cap for herself and a muffler for her cross old husband, and she was greatly pleased with them.

"The house has not been like itself while you have been away, Miss Estelle," she said. "Mrs. Northcote has been fretting for you sore; and even the master said he wished you were home again."

It was pleasant to hear that I had been missed, and I liked to hear her speak of Hillersdon as my "home;" it had grown to be a happier home to me than any other I had ever known in my life.

At dinner, Wilfred was his usual gay, good humored self again; he seemed anxious to atone for his ill-temper of the afternoon. In the evening Mr. Northcote was shut up in his study with some visitors who had come to Hillersdon to transact some business; and Wilfred took advantage of the opportunity to follow me into his mother's room.

"Do forgive me for being such a bear, Miss Estelle," he said. "The truth is, I was in an awful temper; the house was not like itself while you were away, and I wanted that old screw of an uncle of mine to give me a little cash to take a trip to town myself; and then I could have looked after you on the journey home; but he wouldn't—actually said he would not give me another penny these three months. Isn't he an awful miserly old brute?"

I could not agree with him. Hugo Northcote had certainly not acted like a miser towards me, nor was the Hillersdon household carried on in any respect in a parsimonious style.

Wilfred and I were sitting by the fire—the evenings now had grown chilly; Mrs. Northcote was quietly knitting by my side; she never attended in the least to anything that we said.

Wilfred was whispering more and more softly, as he bent nearer towards me.

"I wish," he was saying, "that I could persuade you never to leave us again; always to make Hillersdon your real home. Can't I persuade you, Estelle?"

He looked so handsome, with the light of the fire on his dark curls, and his eyes—the least attractive part of his face—in the shadow, that I thought I had never seen him to greater advantage. I found myself listening dreamily to his voice, as if it were a chapter in a story, and not a real scene in real life, in which I was expected to take a prominent part.

"To stay here always?" I repeated after him, almost mechanically.

"Yes—yes!" he said impatiently. "Don't you understand me, Estelle? I want you to promise to be my wife."

A log fell into the hot ashes on the fire with a sudden crash; Mrs. Northcote half started from her chair; some one came to the door—I think it was old Pearce bringing more wood.

"Your answer, Estelle?" Wilfred whispered eagerly; and I said hurriedly—

"Another time; I can't answer you now. Give me time to think it over. I don't feel sure that you are really in earnest."

"I mean every word I said," he answered; but I had turned away, and we had not a chance to exchange another word during the rest of the evening.

All night I lay awake thinking of the crisis which had come in my life, and the answer I had promised to give to Wilfred Northcote the next day. What was I to say? Did I love him, and did I really wish to marry him; or should I forbid him ever to address another word to me on the subject?

At last, wearied out with doubts and perplexities, I fell fast asleep, and when breakfast time came I was still sleeping, utterly tired out. Mrs. Pearce came to look for me; she fancied that I should be tired with my long journey the day before, and she had kindly brought me some tea and toast. She told me not to disturb myself; breakfast in the dining room was over, and Mrs. Northcote would

be quite satisfied if she were told that I was having an extra hour's rest.

But I got up at once. I knew now that I should probably not see Wilfred until the evening; and I had gained a few hours' respite at any rate, for I dreaded to have to make my decision at once.

Just as I came down the long passage, I saw Mrs. Pearce in front of me with a key in her hand. She stopped at the door which was always locked, let herself in, and then fastened the door behind her. For what purpose she went in I did not know. I passed on; and, going out at the front door, saw that the blinds of the room were drawn closely as usual.

In the afternoon I slipped away to see Lizzie Gordon for half an hour. I had bought her a book I thought she would like, and some pearl-gear lustre for a dress. She was delighted to see me, and very much pleased with my little offering. I thought she was looking much brighter and happier than when we had met last; in fact she was in the gayest possible spirits.

"Only think, Miss Estelle!" she said, "I am going to have my holiday soon too. I am going to stay with some cousins of mine in town; but for longer than you did—perhaps for a whole month. Father says that he can spare me quite well."

I sympathized with her delight, and we chatted away gaily and glibly as usual. At last—what prompted me to say it I do not know—I exclaimed suddenly—

"Lizzie, do you know I heard a strange rumor while I was in town? People say that one of the Mr. Northcotes is a widower."

There was a startled look upon her face as her eyes met mine.

"It can't be true," she said "or else it must be Mr. Hugo. It never can be

DRY GOODS

ROOT & COMPANY

DISPLAY

BLACK

DOLMANS

IN

Satin de Loya,
Merveilleaux,
Moire Antique
And Armure.

Walking

Jackets,

Cloth

Linen

and

Mohair

Usters

Children's and Infant's

Fine Cloaks

a Specialty,

—AT—

46 and 48 Calhoun St.

Wall Paper!

—AT—

Your Own Prices!

—AT—

Fort Wayne Paint

and Painting Co.,

70 Calhoun Street,

Opposite Aveline House.

We Will Sell You

Wall Paper

AT

Manufacturer's Prices,

For 30 days.

If You Want to Buy

Wall Paper!

—AT—

Whole Sale Prices

CALL AT THE

Fort Wayne Paint

and Painting Co.

70 Calhoun St.,

Opp. Aveline House,

FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, MAY 27.

THE CITY.

W. J. Craig was in the city this morning.

Charley Slack, of Bluffton, is in the city to-day.

Hon. Tom Ward, of Lafayette, is the guest of Harry O. Hanna.

Mrs. John Dratt, of 66 Wells street, who has been seriously ill, is convalescing.

Marcus Gorham was fined yesterday by Justice Pratt, for assault and battery on Frank Lavanway.

Henry Houck, a destitute laborer who is suffering with brain fever, was sent to the city hospital this morning.

The opening of Pleasant Lake yesterday was a grand affair and Mr. Ball spared no pains to make every one happy. Charley Day was master of ceremonies.

Drs. W. F. Frothingham and E. Kingsley, specialists, from Grand Rapids, registered on the Allen county list of physicians this morning. They intend to practice here a while.

The Rod and Reel club will go to Pleasant Lake June 4. Mr. Avery, the gentlemanly and accommodating proprietor of the boats on Long Lake, is making extensive preparations for them.

Mrs. M. L. Wells, vice president at large of the Indiana Woman's Christian Temperance union, will meet all ladies who are interested in the temperance work at the Baptist church, Sabbath afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

The city has not settled the Hanna case as yet. The commissioners are being negotiated to pay part of the damages assessed by the superior court, but will probably decline. It is not thought an appeal will be taken.

Of our next county clerk the Huntington Herald says: "Willis D. Maier, for twelve years past deputy clerk of Allen county, is a candidate for clerk. He is a capable and worthy gentleman, and should be nominated and elected."

The Bluffton fishermen passed through the city last evening on their way home from Pleasant Lake, carrying with them several baskets of fine fish. They speak very highly of the accommodations of the place, and especially of the Lake View hotel people.

The Huntington Herald says: "It is perhaps none of our business and we may withal be laboring under a misapprehension as to the exact condition of affairs, but we predict that Judge Lowry will be the democratic nominee for congress in the 12th district. He deserves it and should have it."

Yesterday evening a lively row occurred at the Tremont house. One Lupkin, son of an ex-policeman, seized John Hilgerford and threw him clean through one of the large glass windows in the entrance door. Lupkin went over twenty-one days this morning for this exercise. Jim Miller, a drunken nigger, got sixteen days.

Mr. J. D. Sarnighausen desires THE SENTINEL to say that an alleged interview with him published in the News night before last had no foundation, and, indeed, was shaped entirely out of the writer's imagination. Mr. Sarnighausen said he was happy to say that his eyes had not been offended that day with a glimpse of any other reporter save his own.

Yesterday afternoon, about two o'clock, William Krantz and Peter Amstutz, employees of H. G. Olds, were trying to have a little circus of their own, and were hanging by their toes on a four by four scantling, when it gave way and precipitated them to the floor, Krantz cutting a gash in his head a quarter of an inch long, and Amstutz receiving serious injuries.

The auditors of the Ohio counties through which the New York, Chicago and St. Louis railway passes have appraised the value of the property for taxation as follows: Main line, \$3,500 per mile; side track, \$1,500 per mile; locomotives, \$5,000; coal cars, \$200; box cars, \$260; coal cars, \$200; flat cars, \$150; hand cars, \$20. The right of way through Cayahoga county was assessed as real estate instead of mileage.

John Barry, late of Philadelphia, is a warning to vicious young men. Barry, who is a young fellow hardly beyond his manhood, came here with a plentiful supply of cash, which he scattered profusely among abandoned women. For a time, Barry had a great deal of riotous amusement, but now he is a sorry spectacle. Yesterday, penniless and suffering from a loathsome disease, he applied to the township trustee for an order of admission to the hospital. Instead he was sent to the poor farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Walton are back from a trip to Chicago.

Mrs. Fred Nirdlinger arrived in Philadelphia this morning.

Mrs. B. Jenkins, of Lafayette, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. W. L. Car-nahan.

Lon Johns has in building a number of road carts. These vehicles are becoming very popular.

As usual THE SENTINEL scooped the other papers last night regarding Mr. Dickson's visit to the city.

Auditor Hoffman, of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville railroad is confined to his room by illness.

Superintendent of Telegraph O. Selden, of the Wabash, with headquarters at St. Louis, is in the city to-day.

O. B. Woodworth returned this morning from a trip to surrounding towns in the interest of his flourishing dental depot.

Thomas R. Bicknell, the pleasant book-keeper of the Western Union office, after an illness of two weeks, will resume his duties Monday morning.

Wilson & Wilson, attorneys at law, of Danville, Ind., are in the city. The Messrs. Wilson are proprietors of the "Abstract of Title and Index Combined."

A girl named Green, who lives in the east end, will be sent to the woman's reformatory, her mother complaining that she can do nothing to restrain her from her vicious tendencies.

The New Haven Echo says: "Mr. Willis Maier announces himself as a candidate for county clerk. A nobler and truer democrat cannot be found in the field. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word, and should receive the unanimous vote of the convention."

The downward tendency of the markets yesterday, especially in wheat, caused the frequenters of Brelsford's bucket shop great joy, and they are abroad with gleeful countenances and large boodles. Mr. Brelsford is said to be a loser to a very heavy extent.

Manager George A. Dickson, of Indianapolis, a member of the celebrated theatrical firm of Brooks & Dickson, was at the Robinson yesterday. His scheme for building the Masonic Temple was alluded to exclusively in this paper. He will return next week, when the matter will be finally settled.

The venerable Peter Heller is not now at the city hospital. The old gentleman's insanity took a violent freak yesterday, and he smashed window glass, tore off blinds and cut his clothing into ribbons. He will be taken to the county asylum, where his board will be paid by relatives. It is actually dangerous to allow the octogenarian to remain at the house of his relatives.

The Wabash and Pan Handle roads have entered into an arrangement whereby the former runs its trains from the Indiana state line to Logansport, and the latter has the use of the track of the former from Kokomo to Indianapolis. The arrangement provides that coupon tickets shall be issued by each for that portion of the other's track used in the movement of through passenger trains.

S. M. Hench was yesterday at Sheldon and pitched several games of quoits with some huge-limbed country youths, and though supposed to be like all city people, enervated by a life bounded by high walls, he scooped 'em all. The other candidates stood around and gnashed their teeth in envy. Had Hon. Peter Koehlinger been present, Mr. Hench would have been defeated, for Peter is an Admirable Orichon.

Hon. R. O. Bell returned from Hartford City yesterday afternoon. The case against the company was continued, but at Muncie the fellow ejected by Conductor O'Meara from the coach filed an affidavit for assault. S. L. Morris and the seven witnesses went there to try the case. It appears that the fellow who made all this disturbance is from Richmond, where he has no reputation to speak of. He struck at O'Meara before that plucky little Irishman sailed into him and fired him bodily from the train.

The Huntington Herald has long and constantly pursued dabblers in the Marriage Dowry Benefit Association. The Herald has been particularly vicious in its attacks on L. P. Boyle, now mayor of Huntington. In proving the charges against Mr. Boyle, the Herald produces a letter from a farmer named John J. Scotton, setting forth that through the advice of Boyle, he "contracted to take 120 shares of stock in the Allen County Marriage Benefit Association, of Fort Wayne, and issued a note of \$360 in payment for said shares." Mr. Scotton says further that "the policies in the Allen County Marriage Benefit Association were never delivered to him, and that he proposes to seek payment of the same."

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The Meeting of the Executive Committee Who Outline a Programme Which will be a Corker if Carried out Successfully.

Last evening in the circuit court room, the Fourth of July executive committee met, A. S. Laufferty, presiding, and Theron P. Keator, acting as secretary.

The following resolution was very properly adopted:

Be it hereby resolved that the committee appointed on fireworks and who have the public display of fireworks in charge to be given by the citizens of this city on the evening of July 4, 1882, are hereby instructed not to solicit or receive any piece whatsoever calculated to advertise the business of any individual or firm at this public display of fireworks.

Hon. F. P. Randall was made president of the day and the following committees were appointed:

Committee on Mardi Gras—Jubilee singers, Uncle Sam, chariot, ships of state, etc. Phil Keintz, chairman; Max G. Lade, L. P. Stapleford, Will Wilson, Herman Goldsmith.

Committee to organize and solicit trade representations—John B. Monning, chairman; Max G. Lade, Leopold Highner, Joseph Fox, Phil Keintz.

Committee on bands and music—Capt. Jas. Harper, chairman; William Schlefer, William D. Page.

Committee on invitations—Chairman, Col. Chas. A. Zollinger, mayor; Hon. F. P. Randall, Hon. A. H. Hamilton, Hon. Wm. Fleming, Hon. R. C. Bell, Hon. John Morris, Hon. A. P. Elgerton, Rev. J. C. Brammer, Rev. Wm. Sihler, Rev. W. F. Yocum, Rev. James R. Stone, Rev. Wm. M. Webbe, Rev. Carl Schaaf, Rev. A. Duschner, Rev. Samuel Wagenhals, Rev. C. G. Hudson, Rev. D. W. Moffat, Rev. G. I. Keim, A. Wolf, John H. Bass, Charles McCulloch, Max Nirdlinger, Christ Wenninghoff, Oscar Simmons, Stephen Bond, A. S. Prescott, Henry G. Olds.

Reception committee—The mayor of the city, the city council and county commissioners.

Old settlers' committee—Peter Kiser, Jacob Bowser, Judge Robert Work.

Committee on grounds—A. S. Laufferty, chairman, T. P. Keator, H. C. Grafe.

Committee on excursions—Thomas Sullivan, chairman, Captain James Harper, Sam B. Sweet.

After long deliberation and suggestions on the part of the committee, the following

PROGRAMME

was arranged:

Form at 1 p. m., court house square—Main street, Calhoun street, Berry street, Court street.

Order of forming—"Uncle Sam" on horseback meets the mayor of the city at the west court house door, and the mayor presents "Uncle Sam" with keys and freedom of the city.

Police, mounted.

Goddess of Liberty chariot, drawn by four horses.

"Uncle Sam" on horseback.

Asia, Africa, Europe, America—banners.

Columbia in ship of state, drawn by four horses.

Drum corps.

Fort Wayne cadets.

Common council in carriages, accompanied by visiting speakers, etc.

Band.

Old settlers of Indiana in wagon.

Peter Kiser, manager of this feature.

Visiting firemen.

Fort Wayne fire department.

Drum corps.

Old veterans of Indiana.

Mounted masqueraders.

Trade representations.

Band.

Wagons of different townships with banners stating township competing for prize.

Horsemen of different townships with banner stating township competing for prize.

LINE OF MARCH.

South on Calhoun to Lewis, west on Lewis to Broadway, north on Broadway to Berry, east on Berry to Harrison, north on Harrison to Main and then to the grounds.

EXERCISES AT GROUNDS.

Two p. m., called to order by chairman of the day, Hon. F. P. Randall.

Prayer by Rev. Dr. Moffat.

Reading of the Declaration of Independence.

Music—"Star Spangled Banner."

Speeches, orations, etc.

Song by the Arion society.

Foot race, amateurs only, 100 yards—Prize I—\$10.00. Prize II—\$5.00.

Judges—Frank Gladio, New Haven; Carl Brudi, New Haven; Benj. D. Kelsey, Kelseyville, P. O.

Music.

Climbing greased pole without spurs—First successful attempt—prize, \$10.

Judges—Harrison Hurst, Leo; George W. Hand, Huntertown; John McConnell, Monroeville.

Music—Wedding march.

Marriage in a balloon.

Song—Glee club.

The Wonderful Elasticity of a Dollar Shown

IN THE

Dollar Department

—OF THE—

Star Clothing House!

One Dollar buys a hat (50 styles).....worth \$2 00

One Dollar secures a dress shirt.....worth \$1 75

One Dollar pays for a pair of Jean pants.....worth \$1 50

One Dollar buys a splendid jacket.....worth \$1 75

In fact One Dollar will buy more for you at the STAR than double that amount will buy elsewhere. The largest stock always shown. The prices always named.

SAM, PETE & MAX, ELECTRIC CLOTHIERS.

ASHERIFF'S MODEL WIFE.

Mrs. Frank Cosgrove Pluckily Seizes and Detains an Escaping Prisoner on the Open Highway.

Mrs. Frank Cosgrove, our sheriff's excellent wife, has on numerous trying occasions evinced her pluck but yesterday she added the feather to her cap, and is to-day the subject of much admiring comment. The facts are these:

Yesterday afternoon, Frank Lavanway, a drunken painter, was committed to jail, being convicted before Justice Pratt of provoking on Marcus Gorham. Constable Jim Wilkinson took the fellow in charge and seating him in the constabulary buggy drove to the jail. The two dismounted and as the constable was tying his horse, Lavanway made a dash for it, shot up the street for freedom. It happened that Mrs. Sheriff Cosgrove, who had been out shopping, arrived at the corner of Water and Calhoun streets in time to witness Lavanway's bolt for liberty, and with great presence of mind she prepared to check his flight. The escaping prisoner, with Wilkinson in hot pursuit, came tearing along, not supposing that a weak woman would have the temerity to intercept him, when Mrs. Cosgrove spread her dainty lace covered parasol and leveled it at the fellow, who dodged and tried to get by the lady. Then Mrs. Cosgrove threw her parasol one way and her purse another and clinching her teeth firmly, grasped the fleeing man by the coat collar and held him firmly, though he pulled vigorously and swore awful oaths of vengeance if she did not release her tenacious grasp. Mrs. Cosgrove, however, is not the kind of a woman to be intimidated even by a big masculine brute, and though Lavanway pulled her in the struggle from the sidewalk into the gutter and nearly the middle of the road, she held to him until the constable came up and took charge of the prisoner, whom he escorted to the jail and locked up. Mrs. Cosgrove's courage is all the more shown when it is known that Lavanway is the fellow with whom ex-deputy marshal Gutermuth had the struggle, the officer being obliged to gouge out one of the fellow's eyes in order to get him to the calaboose.

The Fair Ones Who Furnish Flowers.

The following ladies have been appointed a committee to procure flowers for decoration day: Mrs. Fannie Patterson, chairman; Mesdames J. D. Nuttman, N. B. Freeman, W. E. Sturges, John Jacobs, J. K. Edgerton, Judge Brackenridge, W. H. Coombs, Willis Maier, F. J. Hayden, W. D. Page, T. P. Keator, E. A. K. Hackett, T. J. Foster, F. P. Randall, John Evans, E. T. Williams, H. C. Moderswell, Seymour Smith, W. H. Joselyn, William Rogers, Sol Bash, John Morris, P. A. Randall, W. H. Withers, Clark Fairbank, Allen Hamilton, S. Wagenhals, William Fleming, George Ely, J. L. Williams, J. C. Woodworth, Henry Wilder, Mart Spencer, S. C. Lumbard, J. I. White, Robert Stratton, E. H. McDonald, O. J. Wilson, John Hayden, R. S. Robertson, Joseph Hughes, R. Lowry, W. W. Worthington, Robert Fleming, C. M. Dawson, W. L. Carnahan, Byron Thompson, J. H. Bass, H. G. Olds, E. L. Chittenden, J. M. Miller, A. C. Heustis, George Crane, W. H. Hoffman, A. T. Lukens, Ely Hoffman, A. Gibford, R. C. Bell, Isaac d'Isay, F. E. Patterson, Will Morris, Charles Angell, E. C. Burdick, S. B. Bond, D. O. Fisher, R. A. Taylor, J. S. E. Barker, Louis Hart.

man, Homer Hartman, Geo. Humphrey, D. B. Strophe, H. N. Goodwin, A. R. Henderson, T. B. Hedeikin, Edwin Evans, Max Nirdlinger, Misses Sallie Bowser, Kate Freeman, Eliza Rudisill, Jessie White, Edgerton, Brackenridge, Sarah Crow, Coombs, Jessie Hanna, Belle McDonald, Mary Randall, Woodworth, Stella Starkey, L. and S. Colerick, Angell, Barnett, Munson, Laura Kimball, Brenton, Hoagland, Orff, Jessie Humphrey, Jennie Cochran, Anna Miller, Sinclair, Clara Fleming, Ward and Minnie Hood.

The committee are expected to have the flowers by Monday afternoon, when they are to be left at the store of A. R. Walters, No. 8 West Wayne street. Those who are unable to send them can have them called for by leaving word with Mr. Walters.

Base Ball.

Second championship game. The Golden Eagle base ball club versus the Olympic base ball club, at fair grounds, May 30, 1882. Game called at 8:10 o'clock p. m., sharp. All. Foote umpire. Admission 25c, ladies free. Tickets for sale at Golden Eagle one price clothing house and Al. Foote's cigar store.

Monday night Fred Maradon's new comedy of "Cheek" will be presented here for the first time. Mr. Roland Reed, the star, takes the part of Dick Synthe, a newspaper Bohemian, and his characterization is said to be very clever and amusing. Mr. Reed we personally know to be a very droll comedian, and we never saw him do anything badly. He is supported by a very competent company, including Miss Jennie Yeaman, a sprightly little actress of the Lotta school. Miss Yeaman, it will be remembered, played the negro girl in "Fun on the Bristol" on the occasion of its last presentation here.

Virtue Acknowledged.

Mrs. Ira Mulholland, Albany, N. Y., writes: "For several years I have suffered from oft-recurring bilious headaches, dyspepsia and complaints peculiar to my sex. Since using your Burdock Blood Bitters I am entirely relieved." Price \$1.

A car load of excursionists went to Rome City this morning. They were of the Third Presbyterian Sunday school.

"I thought I should die the other night; I was taken with a diarrhoea and cramp and vomiting. Our folks tried everything without effect. We sent to the store and got a bottle of Nerve King. I was better immediately."

Jewel Vapor Stoves

The latest out and by far the best ever made, and cost no more than the old styles. For sale by A. D. Brandriff & Co. M13-Thu&Sat-4w

Millinery! Millinery!

Miss Davenport has removed to 75 Calhoun street, where the ladies will find an elegant assortment of suit and dress hats of the latest styles at New York prices. 6w&s-d&w-tf.

It is not too late to secure some of the many desirable bargains in Dry Goods now offered at 38 and 40 Calhoun street, corner Main.

H. W. MITCHELL,

Manager.

Excursion to Baxter Springs via the Great Wabash Route.

Beginning June 4, and ending June 6, The Wabash company will sell excursion tickets to Baxter Springs, Kansas, for \$19.50 for the round trip. Tickets will be good for four days. For further information inquire of 27101 S. B. SWERT, Agent.

Bargains in Canned Peaches.

3 pound cans Pie Peaches 10c per can.

2 pound cans straw-berries, 5c per can.

